Nathan On Life

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NATHAN ON LIFE

Journalist: So you give no value to life.

Nathan: None. Not mine, not yours, not anyone's. Life isn't "valuable." It's tissue that eventually rots, a flicker in wet matter pretending to matter, a sandcastle the tide will level. You can crown it with hymns, laws, and flags, but it's still just temporary combustion.

Journalist: Then why don't you just… end other people's lives?

Nathan: Because that would be vandalism. You confuse contempt with malice. I don't value life, but I know others do. People hoard it like treasure; they clutch it like sacred relics. I won't rob them of that illusion. Smashing someone's heartbeat is no more profound than smashing a wedding ring just because I think diamonds are rocks. It's barbaric noise-making.

Journalist: So you live by courtesy?

Nathan: By recognition. Your illusions are your possessions. You think your life is sacred? Fine—I'll treat it as sacred. I won't burn your church though I don't believe in your god. Respect doesn't require agreement.

Journalist: And your own life?

Nathan: That's mine to extinguish whenever I please. If I decide to end it tonight or in twenty years, the universe won't twitch. It isn't hatred or despair—it's sovereignty. My pulse continues only by my consent, and the switch is always at arm's reach.

Journalist: That sounds dangerous.

Nathan: To you, because you treat existence as a prize. I treat it as an optional habit. A lamp I can turn off when I tire of the glow. That makes me untouchable.

Journalist: Yet you'd protect the lives of others while dismissing your own?

Nathan: Absolutely. If a man comes to kill you, I'll stand in front of him. Not because your life is sacred—it isn't—but because you believe it is. I won't be the one to smash that fragile religion.

Journalist: So you'd die for someone else's life?

Nathan (smiles faintly): Why not? My life is no burden to give away, and theirs is—apparently—the universe. Don't mistake that for nobility. It's not love of life. It's consistency. My indifference doesn't grant me cruelty. It obliges me to guard your fictions, even to the death. Mine is always negotiable. Yours, never by my hand.

Nathan puts a hand inside his pants, adjusts his

ballsack, passes fingers on the undersack, takes hand out, smells finger.

Journalist, cameraman, and mic assistant recoil in synchronized disgust — one gagging, one stepping back, one audibly whispering "Jesus Christ."

Nathan (deadpan, extending hand like a wine sommelier offering a vintage cork):
"Wanna smell? Notes of despair, a hint of thesis deadline, mid-body flavor of cafeteria lasagna."

Journalist (choking, trying to maintain professionalism):
"…We're… we're live, Mr. Rawls."

Cameraman (vomit in throat, whispering):
"Cut? Please cut? For the love of God cut."

Nathan (smiling into the lens, wagging finger under his own nose again):
"No cuts. Only full exposure."

Nathan (still into the mic, casual as a weather report):
“Have you seen on Pornhub, very skinny young men can bend like an accordion and suck their own dick? I mean, think back: have you ever been that skinny and bendy? Christ, I’ve had a backache since age seven.”

Cameraman: *[camera wobbles slightly]*

FLASHBACK — A dim teenage bedroom, 1990s posters on the wall.
The young cameraman lies on the carpet, legs trembling over his head like a failed yoga pose. He strains, his face red, his determination biblical. He inches closer, tongue out—almost kisses the tip—then freezes.

Young Cameraman: “Wait… that’s gay.”
He collapses back onto the carpet, panting.

Present day. Cameraman stares hollow-eyed through the lens. The scene replays in his head like a lost home movie reel.

Cameraman's inner voice (cracked, regretful):
"Why? Why, you idiot? Why were you so stupid? That was your one shot."

Nathan (still monologuing, oblivious):
"…Meanwhile I can't even tie my shoelaces without feeling like my spine is a pile of uncooked linguine."

Mic assistant (muttering):
"Jesus. This is turning into therapy porn."

Nathan (leaning closer to the mic, tone almost tender):
"Can you believe I refused a finger up my ass during a blowjob out of sheer… idiocy? Fear of liking it? Humans can be so dumb…"

CUT TO: FLASHBACK MONTAGE

- **Cameraman (17, sweaty, anxious):** Girlfriend whispers *"can I try something?"* He panics, blurts *"NO!"* She never asked again. Fade out.
- **Mic Assistant (college dorm, lava lamp glowing):** A casual hook-up hesitates, finger hovering like the Sword of Damocles. He shakes his head, mutters *"Not today."* Idiot.
- **Journalist (hotel room, tie loosened, drunk):** Partner attempts. He yelps, rolls off the bed, invents a fake leg cramp. Idiot.
- **Nathan (mirror shot, present day):** Staring into his own eyes, lips tight, regret thick.

VOICEOVER (collective, mournful):
"They'd all been there. Every man had. Some were smart enough. Some said yes, found Nirvana between their cheeks. Some said no. Like Nathan. Idiots."

Back to reality.

Nathan shrugs, palms open:
“And here I am, thirty-nine, still wondering if I turned down my one ticket to enlightenment.”

Journalist (muttering into notes):
“Christ, this isn’t an interview anymore. It’s a support group.”

Nathan (eyes glazed in memory, grinning like a soldier remembering the only good battle):
“Best sex marathon ever. With an overweight, gigantic beautiful girl. Days spent on the floor — the bed was only for sleeping. I drank brandy, she quoted *Monty Python.* She sucked my dick constantly, a restless semen leech. I fucked her over the bed, made her squirt with a quartz dildo.”

The troupe.
No flashback. Nothing.
Not a single mental reel to project on the wall.

- The **cameraman** stares at the viewfinder, but it's blank, just static, as if his past is a dead channel.
- The **mic assistant** grips the boom pole tighter, imagining he could use it as a surrogate lover, but all he remembers are dry handjobs in parked cars.
- The **journalist** swallows hard. The most passionate thing he recalls is an awkward missionary attempt while the cat watched from the dresser.

Silence.

They realize, in waves, why there is no montage. They never had anything like that. Not even close.

Mic assistant (quietly, almost trembling):
"…Why not me?"

Cameraman (a whisper, but picked up on mic):
"…I thought that only happened in movies…"

Journalist (hollow voice):
"…I married the wrong decade."

Nathan (smirking, cruel without knowing it):
"Yeah. Sometimes you get lucky. Sometimes you're just… in history. And history blows you for days."

Nathan (leaning forward, eyes burning with missionary zeal):
"Risotto is the trick. When you're poor as fuck, like during university time, conquer a girl over a risotto. It's just rice with butter and cheese and one specific aromatic ingredient. Asparagus, artichoke, mandarin with mint, white wine and leek—whatever you can find. Cook it in front of the girl. Let her watch you making love to the food. Then fuck her in front of the stove."

The troupe freezes.

- Cameraman pictures himself, twenty, cheap ramen on the boil, no girl in sight. Regret tastes like MSG.

- Mic assistant recalls years of frozen pizzas devoured in silence. Nobody ever watched. Nobody ever gasped. Just him, the microwave's revolving plate.
- Journalist thinks of Tinder dates and plastic sushi trays, of pretending to care about "craft cocktails," never once a risotto. Never once a stove-side seduction.

Nathan (continuing, hands gesturing like an Italian chef-guru):
"You stir slow, you whisper, you feed her the steam. And by the time the rice is ready, so is she. Food and fuck. That's all civilization is. Don't let anyone lie to you."

Silence.

The three of them glance at each other, realizing they've never stirred a pot for anyone. Never steamed up a room with anything but loneliness.

Journalist (weakly, almost pleading):
"…But… doesn't risotto take, like, twenty minutes?"

Nathan (grins, savage, triumphant):
"Exactly. Twenty minutes of foreplay."

Nathan (suddenly dropping his tone, bitter laugh escaping):
"Don't mistake this for success with the gentle sex. I've been the weirdest, lamest loser you can find. I was raised a Catholic and even the padre told me he saw me just as a friend."

The troupe.
Cameraman lowers the lens an inch. Mic assistant actually chokes. Journalist bites his pen to keep from barking out a laugh.

Nathan (shrugs, deadpan):
"Yeah. Imagine being sixteen, desperate, kneeling in that booth like it's Grindr. And the priest—your last chance, your Hail Mary—just pats your shoulder

and says, *'You're nice, but I don't see you that way."*

Mic assistant (murmuring):
"Jesus Christ."

Nathan (snapping, pointing a finger at him):
"Don't you dare bring him into this. He friendzoned me too."

The silence is volcanic. The camera still rolls. The journalist's knuckles whiten around his notepad.

Nathan, leaning back in his chair, voice flat as a guillotine:
"Whole adolescence spent being God's designated buddy. No wonder I turned to risotto."

Nathan (voice softening, almost tender, eyes staring past them into memory):
"This girl cried because I did the most natural thing: I bought her a rose from a flower stand in the street. Nobody ever did anything like that for her. She had

always been considered meat to insert penis into and a washing machine for clothes. Imagine that."

The troupe.

- Cameraman grips the camera tighter. He's filmed wars, riots, accidents—but never heard anything like this in a quiet studio.
- Mic assistant blinks, boom pole drooping, as if the weight of the words knocked him down from above.
- Journalist shifts in his chair, notes forgotten. For once he isn't thinking about his article. He's thinking about every woman he ever treated like background noise.

Nathan (sighs, shaking his head):
"All it took was one rose. The kind you buy half-drunk on the sidewalk with change in your pocket. And she looked at me like I'd re-written the fucking Bible."

He spreads his hands, as if still bewildered by it.

Nathan (flat, brutal):
"That's how low the bar is. That's what men did to her before me. Fuck her, wash your shirts, repeat. And when she cried over that rose? That's when I realized—Christ—we're not just idiots. We're villains."

The silence afterwards isn't disgust anymore. It's shame. Heavy, sticky, collective shame.

Nathan (unzips his battered backpack, pulls out a frosted bottle, label peeling):
"Bros, I have Italian grappa. Anyone joins in?"

The troupe.
Without hesitation, they collapse into a circle like war veterans hearing the bugle call. Cameraman sets the camera down mid-record. Journalist drops his notepad. Mic assistant nearly spears the boom into the floor. All three dig into the gear bags and pockets like raccoons until someone unearths a sleeve of crumpled plastic cups.

CUT — plastic cups clacking together.

The bottle's passed. Harsh liquid sloshes. Faces wince in unison.

Journalist (after a gulp, gasping):
"Mother of God—tastes like someone bottled nail polish remover and regret."

Cameraman (already refilling his cup):
"…and it's the best thing I've had all week."

Nathan (lifting his cup high, solemn as a priest):
"To failures. To missed fingers up the ass. To risotto victories. To roses and whores treated like saints. To us."

The circle (in ragged chorus):
"To us!"

They drink. Cups crackle in fists. The grappa burns like liquid fire but warms like salvation.

Mic assistant (tears suddenly in his eyes, grinning stupidly):
"…We should've started the interview like this."

Nathan (wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, smirking):
"Bro, this *was* the interview."

Cameraman (eyes glazed, staring into the cup like it's a crystal ball):
"She was so absolutely unbeautiful, yet attractive. Sensual. I wrote a poem about her shoulder."

Journalist (leaning in, curious despite himself):
"Did you ever show her the poem?"

Cameraman (snorts, half-laughing, half-bleeding inside):
"I must have slipped it to her at some point. During a rest session between her fucking the most jacked guy in school and the philosophy professor."

Mic man (grimacing, hand over heart):
"Ouch, man."

Nathan (like a deranged coach, waving the bottle):
"Grappa! Have grappa! Burn it away!"

The circle obeys. Cups refilled, clinked, swallowed. The liquid scorches their throats, melts the shame for three seconds, then leaves only warmth and a desperate urge to keep talking.

Journalist (gasping after his sip, voice breaking into a laugh that's almost a sob):
"Jesus Christ. We're all ghosts of people who got the timing wrong."

Nathan (nodding, pouring more):
"Exactly, brother. That's why there's grappa. To keep ghosts drunk enough they don't notice they're dead."

Journalist (half-slurring, eyes shining with drunk reverence):

“Oh Nathan, let us smell that undersack fingers of yours.”

Mic man (nodding solemnly, raising his plastic cup like a chalice):
“Yes. It’s due now.”

Cameraman (grim as a monk in a flagellation ritual):
“It must be done.”

Nathan (without hesitation, unbuckles, reaches down with priestly gravity. He explores the undersack, slow, deliberate, like he’s performing a holy rite. Then he withdraws the anointed fingers, damp with unnamable essence, and extends them to the circle).

One by one, they lean in. Nostrils flare. Faces twist—half disgust, half transcendence.

Journalist (pulls back, tears in his eyes, voice breaking):
"That's··· that's the noblest disgust ever."

Mic man (coughing, laughing, gagging):
"It's like smelling··· history."

Cameraman (swaying, euphoric):
"Like incense, but from Hell."

They sit back in silence. The bottle of grappa rests in the center, the undersack odor still haunting the air like a sacrament's smoke.

Nathan (smirking, licking his own finger at last):
"Brothers. We are baptized."

Journalist (leaning forward, voice wobbling between pride and shame):
"I used to fuck the wife of this friend of mine without a condom. They have a thirteen-year-old kid and we never took a test: his wife and I don't know whose child it is."

Mic man (eyes wide, then slowly nodding with drunken awe):
"Dude, respect. That is pure toxic. Like—Brazilian *novela* toxic."

Cameraman (raising his plastic cup like it's a family tree he never had):
"I was conceived at a Pink Floyd afterparty. David Gilmour could be my dad."

Nathan (snorts brandy-grappa out of his nose, wheezing with laughter):
"David Gilmour could be anyone's dad. He looks like the *old guy who smiles* meme."

Mic man (snapping fingers, chanting):
"Yes! Hide-the-pain-Harold energy! But with a Stratocaster!"

Cameraman (squints, nodding, dead serious):
"…Maybe that's why I've always hated *The Wall.* Subconscious daddy issues."

Nathan (swigs from the bottle, passing it on):
"Bro, if you were actually Gilmour's kid, you wouldn't need this grappa. You'd be sniffing undersack off groupies in Monaco."

The circle bursts into ugly laughter, half-gagging, half-howling, cups raised in the candlelight of their own shame.

Mic man (leaning in, voice dropping conspiratorial):
"Dudes, when I was in college, here's how engineering students can be nerds. One guy in my calculus class wrote a whole damn book called: *Pussy Isn't Real — It's Just a Construct They Make You Believe In.*"

Journalist (snorts into his cup):
"Did he graduate?"

Mic man (nodding, deadpan):
"Head of Civil Engineering department, of course."

Cameraman (without missing a beat):
“Of course. Fucks students for grades?”

Mic man (shrugs, drinks):
“Duh.”

Cameraman, Journalist, Nathan (in perfect unison, dead-eyed, like a Greek chorus):
“Yeah, of course.”

Pause. The bottle makes another lap. Plastic cups refill.

Nathan (grinning, swaying, raising his cup like a toast to Hell):
“Civil engineering. Nothing civil about it.”

Nathan (leaning in, smirking at his own stupidity):
“Wanna make a nerd contest? Listen to this. This girl from Venezuela dated a guy with my same name—but with money. Still, she gave me opportunities. She came to ‘study,’ sat on my bed,

laid on it for a bit… Can you believe we actually studied?”

The circle groans, already sensing the trainwreck.

Nathan (ignoring, voice rising):
“And when she came with a twisted ankle. One might even think she twisted it on purpose. She adored when I took her foot in my hands, tested it, hands on her leg…”

Mic man (half whisper, desperate):
“Don’t… don’t say it…”

Nathan (grins, delivers the killing blow):
“What did I do? I brought her to the hospital… where her boyfriend came and picked her up.”

The others — simultaneously, in one massive, drunken, heartfelt gesture:
General facepalm.

Plastic cups wobble, grappa sloshes, the sound of collective palms smacking foreheads echoes like gunfire.

Journalist (groaning through his fingers):
"That's not nerd, that's… that's divine cockblock."

Cameraman (muffled, forehead still buried in hand):
"Bro invented the platonic ambulance service."

Mic man (sighing, shaking his head):
"You were holding a golden ticket… and you called the driver to return it."

Cameraman (grim, confessional):
"This girl laid on my bed, undid her bra and told me, *'I need a back massage.'*"

Everyone else, in ragged unison:
"And you gave her a massage."

Cameraman (nodding, hollow):
"And hooked the bra back after."

Nathan (raising his cup, like a veteran saluting another fallen soldier):
"Been there, done that, bro."

Journalist (voice cracking, half laugh half sob):
"She had her head on my shoulder and told me, *'Nobody would even kiss me.'* I told her… *'I understand."*

Cameraman (blurts, unable to stop himself):
"She knelt before me, making her hair behind her head. I knelt too and asked what the secret was."

Pause.

Not the silence of shame. Not even the silence of grappa. The silence of a species realizing it should have died out millennia ago.

All together, muttering like monks at a funeral mass:
"…How has humanity not gone extinct?"

Plastic cups rise. Grappa burns down. They drink to their own collective evolutionary failure.

Nathan (after the swallow, bitter grin):
"Brothers. We are the missing link."

Nathan (swirling what's left of the grappa in his cup):
"Guys, you dating or married?"

Journalist (without flinching, like announcing weather):
"Third divorce. Fourth wife."

Mic man (shrugs, faint smile):
"Dating. Four years."

Cameraman (soft grin, almost proud):
"She married me last year. Thank God."

Nathan (snorts, leans forward, voice cutting):
"Oh no. There is no God involved. If there was one, it would never allow such a condemnation for the girls."

Pause.

The grappa sits in their cups like liquid judgment. Each man looks down, replaying faces, tears, slammed doors, broken beds, apologies shouted too late.

Mic man (muttering first, low and ashamed):
"…He's right."

Journalist (sighing, staring at his pen grooves in the notepad):
"Yeah. If there was a God, He'd have smited us all before the second date."

Cameraman (slowly, reluctantly, nodding):
"…True. No benevolent deity would've let my wife say 'yes.'"

All together, solemn as monks, cups raised in a cursed toast:
"Agreed."

They drink. The silence afterward is heavier than the alcohol.

Nathan (wiping his lips, half-grin, half-eulogy):
"Brothers, we are living proof: God retired."

Nathan (tilts head back, downs two pills with a gulp of grappa).

Mic man (squinting):
"What's that?"

Nathan (shrugs):
"Tramadol."

Mic man:
"What's that?"

Nathan (deadpan):
"Opium."

Mic man:
"What for?"

Nathan (rolling up sleeves, pointing at his body like a war map):
"Broke here, fissured here, twisted here, dislocated here, got stitched here."

Cameraman (eyes widening):
"Damn."

Journalist (snorts, stands, lifts shirt — a raw stitched scar down the belly):
"Emergency appendicitis."
(then lifts pants to knee, shows jagged line)
"Anterior cruciate. Had to reconstruct."

Cameraman (fidgeting, then blurts, desperate to fit in):
"I once twisted two fingers playing volley."

Mic man (squints, then solemnly extends wrist, pointing to the tiniest, almost invisible pale line):
"School yard. Fell by myself. Tripped on my own feet."

Pause.

They all lean in, squinting at the microscopic scar as if gazing upon a holy relic.

Nathan (gravely, passing him the bottle):
“Brother… the smallest wounds cut deepest.”

Mic man (nods, dead serious):
“It still itches when it rains.”

Journalist (staring at the rim of his cup like it’s a grave):
“The first cut is the deepest.”

Mic man (voice cracking, already fumbling for his phone):
“I still call her drunk at 3 a.m.”

Nathan (snaps, almost proud):
“I deleted every contact on any phone or PC to avoid that.”

Cameraman (hunched, whispering, confession spilling like vomit):
"Sometimes I drive to her house at night and watch the lights go on and off among the rooms till they all go off. And then I stay half guarding, half making sure if anyone kills her… it's me."

Silence.

Plastic cups tremble in hands. The air thickens with memories that smell worse than Nathan's undersack fingers.

Nathan (suddenly shouting, waving the bottle like a flare):
"Grappa! Grappa! Emergency grappa, everybody! We're derailing into painful territory!"

All together, like a rescue drill:
Cups up. Pour. Down.

They drink. The alcohol sears, numbs, fails. Each man's eyes drift inward, swallowed by the black holes of their own miseries.

Stage direction: The circle shrinks into silence. Plastic cups dangle from fingertips. The bottle tilts, nearly empty. Four grown men, drunk and wounded, sit marinating in failures like pickled eggs in vinegar.

Nathan (snarling, eyes blazing, cup shaking in his fist):
"I wish she had her asshole infested by flying insects and her arms too short to cover it."

Mic man (grins mean, raises cup):
"I wish her spraying diarrhea at every first date."

Cameraman (voice flat, cruel):
"Dry pussy and leaky asshole."

Journalist (quiet at first, then exploding like a confession that's been fermenting):

“I wished her dead, my second wife. She did. Drove straight into a subway construction site. Never been able to drive.”

Silence.

The others turn slowly toward him. Cups frozen halfway up.

Nathan (after a long pause, nodding, tone almost respectful):
“Bro… that’s… commitment.”

Mic man (grimacing, but impressed):
“Like, final draft commitment. No edits possible.”

Cameraman (eyes wide, muttering):
“Jesus. You one-upped all of us.”

Journalist (shrugs, downs his drink, voice cold):
“Careful what you wish for. Sometimes God’s a genie with a cruel sense of humor.”

Nathan (snorts, topping up the cups again):
"God? We just established He retired. That one was on the city planning department."

They all laugh—ugly, broken, howling laughter that echoes off the walls like demons celebrating bad luck.

Mic man (blurts, half-ashamed, half-defiant):
"Sent dick pictures."

Cameraman (nods, raising hand like a fellow soldier):
"Same. Mine in black and white."

Mic man (squints):
"Why?"

Cameraman (sips, solemn):
"Hoped making it vintage makes it acceptable to be small."

Nathan (chuckling darkly, shaking his head):
"Wrote letters. Ink over paper. Then took photos and sent her."

Journalist (frowning, confused):
"Why not just mail them?"

Nathan (throws arms up):
"Any idea where to buy post stamps this day and age?"

Journalist (pauses, then nods):
"Good point."

Journalist (swigs, mutters):
"I wrote her by email, asked if she felt my absent presence. She blocked me on every communication channel—including smoke signals."

Mic man (cough-laughs into his cup):
"She probably blocked your astral projection too, bro."

Cameraman (solemn, like a eulogy):
“Imagine getting ghosted on wavelengths that don’t even exist.”

Nathan (raising the bottle, filling cups again):
“To rejection, modern and vintage. May it always innovate.”

All (clinking plastic, voices hollow):
“To rejection.”

Nathan (eyes glassy, voice flat, almost proud of his own disaster):
“I had a whole sex weekend planned with this girl I met on the internet. I was nineteen or twenty, she’d just turned eighteen. Hotel room, a big one, student-affordable price, off season, only for us. I was so depressed from the previous breakup… I never got it hard. Made her scream in hieroglyphic with orgasm by oral. Only my fingers got inside her.”

Journalist (grim nod, swigging):
"I once got soft *while* fucking."

Cameraman (leans forward, shaking his head):
"Two hours pounding, I could not cum. She didn't either. Neither liked it."

Mic man (raises his cup, delivers it like a punchline):
"I went *'ooh it's wet, ooh it's warm, bluuurp… ooh it's over."*

Pause.

The grappa bottle makes another lap. Each man drinks, eyes unfocused, replaying bedroom tragedies like old VHS tapes warped by heat.

Nathan (sighing, smirking bitterly):
"Brothers, if Darwin was watching us, humanity would've ended in my hotel room."

Journalist (muttering, staring into his cup):
"Or in mine. Mid-stroke, mid-flop, mid-funeral."

Cameraman (deadpan):
"Two hours of cardio. Should've just gone to the gym."

Mic man (grins, raises cup again):
"At least mine was quick. Efficiency, baby."

They all laugh—ugly, broken, wheezing laughter—then drink again, as if trying to drown their collective impotence in firewater.

Nathan (leaning back, smirking over his cup):
"She told me, *'we have to work on our relationship.'* I asked how much I'd get paid. I ain't doing charity."

Journalist (grimacing, remembering):
"I was kissing her in front of her friends. She kept telling me, *'not now.'* I ended up making out with a friend of hers."

Nathan (squints at him, grin spreading):
"You eventually married this last one, didn't you?"

Journalist (blinks, stunned):
"How did you know?"

Nathan (shrugs, pours more grappa, voice low and knowing):
"I'm starting to know you."

Cameraman (snorts, muttering):
"That's the kind of foreshadowing you only hear in Greek tragedies."

Mic man (lifting cup, dead serious):
"Or Brazilian novelas."

Nathan (raises his drink, mock solemn):
"To doomed scripts we never wrote—but still had to live."

All together, cups clink, grappa burns:
"To doomed scripts."

Journalist (grinning, leaning in):
"Anyone has any fetish?"

Nathan (without hesitation):
"Feeties. Also, female orgasm."

Mic man (blinking):
"How so? The feet I mean."

Nathan (matter-of-fact):
"I cum twice as hard if I cum sucking her toes."

Journalist (raises cup, nodding):
"Nice, dude! Me: cumming on her soles."

Cameraman (straight-faced, with a scholar's gravitas):
"I love to cum into her ucipital mapillary and fill it like a pool."

Nathan (snorts, choking on grappa):
"You've seen *Mel Brooks' Dracula* a tad many times, haven't you?"

Mic man (serious, leaning forward):
"I like to cum on her eyelids."

Everyone else, at once, recoiling:
“What?”

Mic man (defensive, raising both hands):
“Eyes closed, of course.”

Journalist (squints, shaking head):
“Do you still see her?”

Mic man (shrugs, sipping):
“No. She’s now with one who prefers eyebrows.”

Nathan (raising his cup, deadpan):
“Ah, the eternal battle of facial real estate.”

They all laugh—sloppy, broken, grotesque laughter that shakes the circle.

Here’s the closing, in the exact absurd–operatic register you’ve built:

Nathan (arms open, bottle nearly empty, voice booming with drunken joy):
"Ragazzi, come si sta bene fra noi, fra uomini! Ma perché non siamo nati tutti finocchi?"

Journalist, Cameraman, Mic man (cups raised, in perfect unison):
"Amen!"

All together — suddenly, without cue, like a drunken male choir:
Bella figlia dell'amooooooore,
Schiavo son dei vezzi tuoooooi;
Con un detto sol tu puoi
Le mie pene—
Le mie pene—
consolar!

The camera wobbles, the bottle tips, the plastic cups collapse. Their voices rise and crack, clashing like a doomed opera.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK AND SILENT.

The End.